



THE CENTURY
GUILD



HOBBY HORSE

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY
THE PROPRIETORS AT
THE CHISWICK PRESS.

51
188

"THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasize the *Unity of Art*; and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people.

In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art.

The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life: but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, The CHISWICK PRESS, 21, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

To be had of all Booksellers.

CONTENTS OF NO. XVI.

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE: "THE VISION OF BRITOMART:" being a reproduction in Photogravure of the cartoon by Frederic Shields.	
"A SONNET." Wilfrid Scawen Blunt	121
"FROM A SECONDHAND BOOKSTALL." Selwyn Image	122
"GEOFFROY TORY, SCHOLAR, PRINTER AND ENGRAVER." Alfred W. Pollard	126
"THE ANNUNCIATION:" being a Reproduction in Facsimile of two pages of the Book of Hours, designed by Geoffroy Tory, 1525	132
<i>To face</i>	
"GOLDEN LILIES." Katherine Tynan	135
"WHAT WE KNOW OF SHAKSPERE." C. Kegan Paul	136
"TO HIMSELF: IN INTERCESSION FOR HIS MISTRESS." Herbert P. Horne	152
"THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF; AND NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS: THIRD EDITION, IN ONE VOLUME; MDCCCLXXXIX." Arthur Galton	153

The Initial letters and Tail-pieces are from designs by
Herbert P. Horne.

Vault Collection



H L. Tom Perry Special Collections
1 Harold B. Lee Library
.H7 Brigham Young University
no. 16
1889
October

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



3 1197 23968 8325





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Brigham Young University

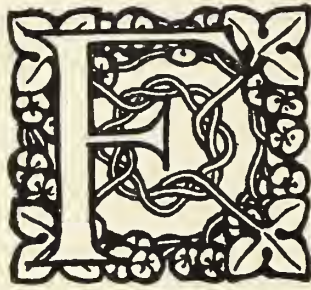
<https://archive.org/details/centuryguildhob161889lond>

A SONNET.

Who shall declare the glory of the world,
The natural world before man's form was seen?
Fair stainless planet through the heaven hurled
In bridal garments of immortal green.
What depths of forest girt her, what serene
Pastures were hers for cattle numberless,
Owning no lord save one, their lawful queen,
Nature's dear self who only ruled to bless.

If there was war in Heaven, peace reigned on Earth.
Not by disease did the world's life grow tame,
But by the hand of God in drought and dearth
And sudden palsy when the lion came.
Death! who should fear it, or its mercy sue
Whose last pain was the first each creature knew?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.



FROM A SECONDHAND BOOK-STALL.

Man, certainly, in his healthy and natural condition, is a hunting and acquisitive animal. What keener pleasure knows he, than that of scenting out, and running to earth, his prey : save the pleasure of carrying it home, and gloating over its possession ? In advanced and highly intricate conditions of society one form, in which we see an illustration of this profound remark, is in the ardour of the bibliophile, or, as the scornful call him, the bibliomaniac. I will confess to some considerable sympathy with this madness, and even to a slight touch of it : kept under, fortunately ; yet not by any philosophy or force of will, but by a kindly, providential impecuniosity. It is in my blood, this taint. When Mr. Ibsen preaches on heredity, I am stricken with the consciousness of how my ancestors would have ruined me long ago at old-book stalls, had not the grace of heaven intervened, and wedded me to poverty.

Save to very rich madmen after this kind, the golden days of book-hunting are lamentably passed. Everybody knows now, where every treasure is. Yet, as I write these words, with a heavy heart and eyes suffused with tears, there occurs to me a pretty story, told me by a man of veracity not so long ago, which seems to give them the lie, and once again to inspire hope in the breast. A friend of his, also a veracious person, coming across a basketful of odd books, all of them ticketed at fourpence apiece, outside a second-hand shop, turned up one small, but precious, volume, buried in the *débris*. With assumed carelessness he paid down his four coppers : and straightway writing off to a famous institution, which he knew to be in need of his treasure, generously made offer of it for thirty pounds. The authorities would give him twenty : not one stiver more. By-and-bye he had the thing put up for sale in a public auction-room : where, after a spirited competition, the aforesaid institution became possessors of it, at the cost of one hundred and seventy pounds. This is truth. Yet truth cometh sometimes in so strange and ingenuous a form, that, to practical and vulgar souls, I can

understand, how this narration may appear naught, may pass with them but as an idle tale.

There are some, however, who may be counted as the victims of bibliomania, but of a more delicate and elegant species of the disease. I mean such as desiderate old volumes, not because of their rarity, and with a sleek complacency in the thought of few, or none, others possessing them: but for pure beauty's sake; with a discerning sense for the choiceness of the thing in itself, unaffected by its rarity or uniqueness. The flavour of a mellow Burgundy, the scent of a tea-rose, the colours on a butterfly's wing, are not less precious, because my neighbour, too, can taste them, smell them, see them. Nay, let these ravishments take the whole world, and I am no loser.

Now, to proceed in an orderly manner, let us observe, that the beauty of a book is fourfold. I do not here discourse of it in its quality as a piece of literary art: but only in regard of the outward form, by which it is the messenger, or enshrinement, of this art. Of such outward form, then, there is a fourfold beauty: of which, first, as being the most exterior, we will mention the binding: then, secondly, the paper: next, the character of the printing: and, lastly, that of the capital letters, and various, designed adornments. Well, he, who cares for these things much, may still, in these later days, with a light heart, and even, oh! the wonder of it! with a light purse, propose to himself many hunting expeditions, to be accomplished with satisfaction. I am not unaware, that to persons of the philosophic, and purely literary, temper I must, by these confessions, be revealing myself as one, that is quite trivial, and beneath contempt. To such poor creatures as I, it is true, that Wordsworth, cutting his pages at the breakfast table with a buttery knife; and Darwin, tearing them out of their binding to fill his common-place book; do seem horrific spectacles. Into their world of detachment from the mere forms of things, their world of pure thought or sentiment, absorbing and sufficient, we are at too low a stage of development even to conceive an entrance. It is with George Herbert's principle, that we have a keener sympathy:

*Let thy minde's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.*

And herein, though I speak not by commandment, we do, to adopt a famous apostolic sentence, we do think, that we have the mind of the Editor of the Hobby Horse.

Between the dignity and preciousness of the divine grace conveyed, and the circumstances, which surround the means thereof, a sound catholic sense has from the first insisted, that there should be congruity. I trust, that this will not scandalize any reader, as seeming too serious an illustration of the principle, upon which to fall back, in so slight a matter as the present. Nothing is farther from my taste, than to trifle, or be profane. But a book, too, partakes of the nature of that universal sacramentalism, in which we live, and move, and have our being. A mean, or vulgar, or displeasing, presentation, therefore, of an author's spirit, causes in me a revolt, as at something puritanically unreasonable, and unmannerly : while, at any ill-treatment of any such appropriate presentation, I am hardly less scandalized, than if one were to sit covered, or were to spit, at the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries.

I speak to those only, who are still thus tied and bound in the swaddling clothes of that, which more emancipated spirits will reckon, but a vain ceremonialism. My sentimental and unemancipated brothers ! you, who like me, have such a lust after the things, which we can see with our eyes, and with our hands handle : let us be content with the limitations of our present incarnation, and even rejoice ourselves amidst them. I speak to you, who know : is not that an exquisite and subtle sensation we experience, when good fortune puts into our hands a volume from the Aldine, the Basle, or the Plantin Press ? How our fingers tenderly take between them, and turn over, the thin, untearable leaves ! How admirably disposed upon the ivory-coloured page lies, before our satisfied vision, the mass of choicely designed lettering ! What a sense of proportion and propriety in the simple title-page ; the headings with their ordered capitals ; the initial letters and head-pieces, with their elegant grotesques ; the printer's device, with which the whole charming volume is brought to a conclusion, and sealed ! How softly gradated has grown, in the course of many decades, the leather of this binding ; a richly mottled umber, worn and polished by the hands of dead scholars ; gleaming, here and

there, with streaks of ruined gold ! And are Caesar's lucidity then, the nervous criticisms of Tacitus, Catullus with his passionate waywardness, less sensible to us ; because, even in that embodiment, which brings them to us to-day out of the past, there lingers so resistless an enchantment ? Should we touch these dear spirits closer, if we communed with them through the stereotypes *ex aedibus B. G. Teubneri, Lipsiae*, or from the Clarendon Press ?

As I write, there lies open before me a little volume of that sacred brotherhood of lovers, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. At the close of it, occupying just fourteen pages, follows *Cn. Cornelii Galli, poetae clarissimi, ex iis quae colligi potuere fragmentis, liber* : to which ; how one thanks the editor's unscholarliness ! is added, finally, that exquisite love-song, with this naive heading, *Attribuitur et hoc lyricum a plerisque Cn. Gallo* :

*Lidia, bella puella candida,
Quae bene superas lac et lilium,
Albamque simul rosam rubidam,
Aut expolitum ebur indicum !*

At the bottom of the title-page I read, *Basileae excudebat Henricus Petrus, mense Martio, anno M. D. XXX*. And Henricus Petrus has stamped on the last leaf, in an admirable woodcut, his mark : a hand striking sparks from a flint, blown upon by a head amid the clouds.

I suppose the couple of shillings, which I gave for this little volume the other day, was all that, in the market, it is worth. Our University scholars will turn up their noses at it ; and so will Mr. Quaritch. With a humble reverence, I take off my hat to these gentlemen, as they pass along their higher way. Their loves and aims I can unaffectedly admire : only they are not mine. To follow in the footsteps of the one, I have not the learning : to follow in the footsteps of the other, I have not the purse. No, little Book : yet, heaven forfend, that I should ever, therefore, grow ill-contented with thee ! Could any unique edition, any niceties of the latest and most erudite verbal criticism, bring me, and with a more charming manner, nearer, than thou dost, to the beating hearts ; to the passions, the fears, the ecstasies ; of these dead, these living, children of Love ?

SELWYN IMAGE.



EOFFROY TORY; SCHOLAR,
PRINTER AND ENGRAVER.

Thirty years ago the name of Geoffroy Tory was but little known. Even when he was admitted to the honours of the Bibliothèque Universelle his biographer formally denied one of his most important claims to remembrance, his career as a printer. In France his work was neglected, and outside France all memory of it seemed to have perished. Thanks, however, to the admirable monograph of M. Bernard all this has long ago been changed. In one capacity, indeed, Tory's claims are now even too abundantly acknowledged; since as a miniaturist his fame is so great as to have attracted to itself more than one unsigned manuscript in which the influence of Italy on France, of which Tory is a striking example, is indeed manifest, but whose special attribution to this particular artist must remain extremely hypothetical. In the present article it is proposed to deal chiefly with Tory's views of art and letters as illustrated by his two most famous books, the "Champfleury" and his magnificent "Book of Hours;" and in thus confining ourselves to his printed and engraved work we shall be treading throughout on safe ground.

For those unacquainted with M. Bernard's monograph, the last edition of which was published nearly a quarter of a century ago, a brief sketch must be given of Tory's life, not for its own sake, but for the light which it throws upon his works and opinions. He was born in Bourges about the year 1480, and to the end of his life remained sufficiently proud of his native town to add its name to his signature: Geoffroy Tory de Bourges. At Bourges there is a University, and here Tory was educated until early in the sixteenth century, when he set forth on his travels and studied both at Rome and at Bologna. By 1507 he was in Paris; for the dedication to his first literary work, an edition of Pomponius Mela, is dated as written on the sixth day before the Nones of December of that year. Two years later he was a Regent, or Professor, at the Collège du Plessis, and was hard at work as an editor, introducing or annotating the "Cosmographia" of Pope Pius II., the works of Berosus, and the Institutes of Quintilian. In 1511 he was transferred to the Collège

Coqueret, and about this time appears to have been married, for on August 26th, 1512, was born his daughter Agnes, a bright child whose premature cleverness may perhaps account for her early death ten years later. Still editing classical works Tory was transferred in 1511 to the Collège Coqueret and the next year to that of Bourgogne; but scholarship no longer satisfied him and, probably under the direction of Jean Perréal, he now set himself to learn first design and afterwards engraving. Sometime within the next four years he abandoned teaching, and in 1516 we find him in Rome, whence he did not return to Paris till two years later. Here he first employed himself as a miniaturist, but, apparently not finding this sufficiently lucrative, soon threw his energies into engraving. With this work he combined the business of a Bookseller, and in 1526 was admitted a Printer of the city of Paris. Meanwhile he did not neglect literary work. On the Feast of the Epiphany 1524 he conceived the idea of his "Champfleury," a treatise intended equally to benefit French philology and French printing. He reverted also to his classical pursuits, but with the important difference of no longer working as an editor but as a translator, in which capacity he rendered into French works by Xenophon, Plutarch and Lucian. In 1531 he was appointed Printer Royal. Three years later he was dead; for on October 14th, 1534, we learn that his business was being carried on by his widow.

The life thus briefly sketched was less remarkable in those days than it would be in our own; for in the early years of the sixteenth century the race of scholar-printers was in its most flourishing condition, and Tory's small achievements were excelled by many of his contemporaries. Only by his late-acquired gift of design and engraving was he marked out from his fellows, and it is chiefly in virtue of this gift that he is now remembered as aught but an eccentric pedant. Certainly eccentricity and pedantry are both very fully exhibited in his "Champfleury," the first of the two works which we have specially to consider. Yet the book is pervaded with a charm not altogether to be despised, and the opening paragraph which launches us straight into the subject may be quoted as not unworthy of Tory's boldly expressed design "quelque peu decorer nostre langue Françoise."

“Le matin,” he writes, “du iour de la feste aux Roys apres auoir prins mon sommeil & repos, & que mon estomac de sa legiere & ioyeuse viande auoit faict sa facile concoc-tion, que lon comptoit M.D.XXIII., me pris a fantasier en mon lit, & mouuoir la roue de ma memoire, pensant a mille petites fantasies, tant serieuses que ioyeuses, entre lesquelles me souuint de quelque lettre Antique que iauoys nagueres faicte pour la maison de mon seigneur le tresorier des guerres, maistre Iehan groslier, Conseiller & Secretaire du Roy nostre sire, amateur de bonnes lettres, & de tous per-sonnages sauans, desquelz aussi est tresame & extime tant de la que deca les mons. Et en pensant a icelle lettre Attique me vint soudain en memoire vng sentencieux pas-sage du premier liure & huitiesme Chapitre des Offices de Cicero, ou est escript: Non nobis solum nati sumus, ortusque nostri, partem patria vendicat, partem amici. Qui est a dire en substance, que nous ne sommes pas nez en ce monde seullement pour nous, mais pour faire seruice & plaisir a noz amys & a nostre pais. A ceste cause me volant employer aucunement a lutilite du bien public, ay pense demonstrier & enseigner en ce present petit Oeuure la maniere de faire symmetriquement, Cest a dire par deue proportion, lettre Attique, de laquelle ie voy de ca les mons mains hommes qui en veulent vser, estre foiblement expertz, en tant quilz ne scauent de quelle mesure & proportion elle doit estre.”

He will write in French, he says, and a long digression upon ancient Gallic eloquence and its recognition by classical writers, is pleasantly brought to an end by a little picture of Hercules Gallicus, leading a motley throng by means of cords linking the speaker's mouth to the ears of each of his audience. A further reason for the use of the French lan-guage may be found in the ancient connection between Southern France and Greece: and here Tory vindicates the Greek as against any Roman claim to the credit of the Alphabet, introducing such mythological arguments as the story of Inachus and Io, and finding in the Io Paian of the Greeks an expression of the joy of the Ionians after having invented and proportioned their Attic Letters!

From history we advance to theory. In their desire for a perfect alphabet the Ancients, our Author tells us, formed

their letters by true proportions of the three best and most perfect geometrical figures, the circle, the square, and the triangle. The parts played by the circle and the triangle are easily imagined, but the square is no less important. It forms the framework for every letter, and Tory expresses their relative sizes in terms of the parts of a square of two inches divided into one hundred sections. Thus the letters A, D, H, K, O, Q (save for its tail) R, V, X, Y, are ten sections high and ten broad. The body of an I is only one section broad throughout its length, and three at head and foot. M overlaps the square and is thirteen sections broad, while N is stated to be only two less, though in a subsequent diagram it is only given nine. G is nine and a half; T and C, nine; E and L, seven and a half; P and B, seven; F, six; S, five and three-quarters. All these proportions are given with magisterial decision, for Tory had a great gift for agreeing with himself; and when Albert Durer differs from him, remarks that Durer was a very good painter but not much of a grammarian.

The contents of the next few pages of the "Champfleury" are the most wonderful in the book. Every letter, says Tory, partakes of a straight line or a circle, or both, that is of I or O. Forthwith he appropriates the ten sections in the height of the I to Apollo and the Nine Muses, and the eight unbroken sections inside the O to Apollo and the seven Liberal Arts, *i.e.* music, astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, rhetoric, dialectic and grammar. But in the Eclogues of Virgil we read,

*"Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim."*

and in these lines Tory finds a mystical allusion to the Alphabet as represented first by Apollo and the Liberal Arts (the thumb-hole and seven notes) and then (in an improved flute) by Apollo and the Muses (thumb-hole, vent and eight notes). This mystical interpretation he further elucidates by a diagram exhibiting "Le Flageol de Virgile en Perspective et Moralité." More follows in the same strain. The letters can be brought into relation with the human body; and a man's body when standing upright within the square has the full ten sections of height (Apollo and the Muses), while, when arms and legs are extended crosswise, it only occupies eight

(Apollo and the Liberal Arts). This is further illustrated in detail from the letters taken separately, and we are gravely told that the position of the cross-bar in the letter A is determined by the fact that "Pudicité et Chasteté auant toutes choses, sont requises en ceulx qui demandent accès et entrée aux bonnes lettres, desquelles le A est l'entrée et la première de toutes les abecedaires." Other fantasies follow: a complete Alphabet answers to a complete human body: therefore each letter answers to a particular part of the body; and the details of this relation are given with the assistance of two diagrams, and a plentiful introduction of the Muses and Liberal Arts, some of whom have ample cause for complaint in the members to which they are assigned. Virgil is again mystically explained, and "Le Rameau d'or et de Science" is contrasted with "La Branche d'ignorance;" while in a diagram of Phœbus Apollo as the sun, with the letters as his beams, the nine Muses and seven Liberal Arts are further reinforced by the four Cardinal Virtues and three Graces, so that each of the twenty-three letter-beams may have its appropriate counterpart. At this stage of his disquisition Tory shows a really beautiful woodcut in two compartments representing the Triumph of Apollo and the Muses, with Bacchus, Ceres and Venus led as captives. This is full of classic feeling, and comes as balm to the sorely tried patience of the assiduous reader. In the text-book each letter is separately discussed; its form exhibited in relation to circle, triangle and square, and record made of some really valuable facts as to contemporary pronunciation. Thus the Dames of Paris, we are told, often sounded A as E, saying "Mon mery est a la porte de Paris, ou il se faict peier," instead of "Mon mary, &c." The same fault is attributed to our own countrymen with especial regard to their pronunciation of Latin, but with the amiable apology: "tel vice leur est excusable pour la difficulté de leur prononciation qui vient la pluspart du profond de leur gouzier, en sortant a lestroit entre leurs dens." Until the end of the alphabet is reached the diagrams call for no remark; but since the days of Pythagoras the fork of the Y has been used as symbolizing the diverging paths of good and evil, and Tory illustrates this with a picture of various instruments of torture contrasted with wreaths of laurel, palms, a sceptre

and crown. In a second device we have on the one side the facile path to luxury with its subsequent abrupt descent to the pit, on the other a man climbing sword in hand, amid the opposition of Envy, Pride and Lust, till he reaches the victor's seat and crown. In Z the idea of a ladder is again suggested; the rungs are our old friends the Muses and Liberal Arts, and a chubby Spirit holds out the rewarding wreath, and with this the book comes to an end.

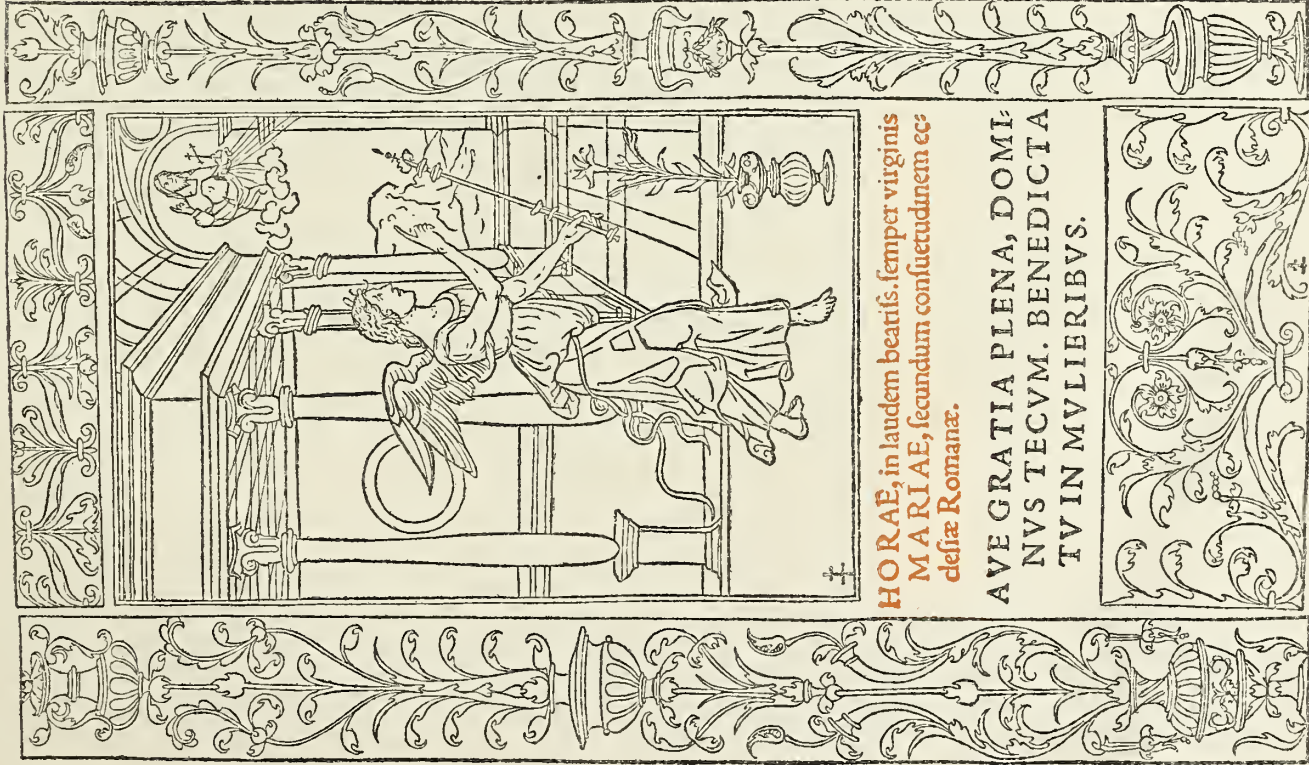
It is easy to ridicule the "Champfleury." Of the historical development of the Alphabet Tory knew little or nothing, while his rules for the practical formation of the letters which compose it are both arbitrary and needlessly elaborate. Yet, as all things must have a beginning, this strange farrago is of some importance in the history of French philology; and while the advertisement hoardings of London are disfigured by the fancy alphabets by which an enterprising firm of printers has lately been endeavouring to attract fresh custom, it is impossible not to sympathize with the attempt to find a mathematical basis for the shapes of beautiful letters, however hopeless that attempt may be. Of Tory's mythological and allegorical fantasies it is difficult nowadays to judge calmly. His interpretations of Virgil are neither more nor less absurd than the medieval expositions of Scripture texts *ad sensum mysticum*, with which he had probably been familiar when at the University. Partly in playfulness, perhaps, Tory appears to have surrendered himself a captive to his own fancy; and having once dragged the Muses and the Liberal Arts into relation with the Alphabet he found no difficulty in justifying his theories by arguments whose absurdity was much less palpable in those days than in our own. Of his readiness in finding a reason, and his own belief in it when found, quite apart from its historical correctness, we have a curious instance in his Device, a facsimile of which is here given as it appears in the "Champfleury." This device first occurs in a little pamphlet of Latin verse addressed to a friend by Tory in remembrance of his own daughter,



Agnes. In this pamphlet at the top of the Device there is the figure of a child flying heavenwards, the current means of representing the human soul. There is no doubt that at the time of its invention every detail of the device had special reference to Agnes Tory, the closed book in particular representing the abrupt arrest of the studies in which father and child had both taken such delight. But the device pleased Tory, the little figure was erased, the book became the book of fate, and the vase broken by the screw (or toret) only our common human body. In the "Champfleury" Tory explains his mottoes, Non Plus as equivalent to the Greek *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*; Sic ut Vel ut, as "ainsi comme nous debuons, on au moing mal que pouuons." A translation having reference to his grief at his daughter's death appears at least possible. Viewed simply on its merits the device is not altogether satisfactory. Tory was here too intent on abundance of symbolism to attain any freedom or boldness of design, nor was he much more successful in the numerous devices which he engraved for other printers.

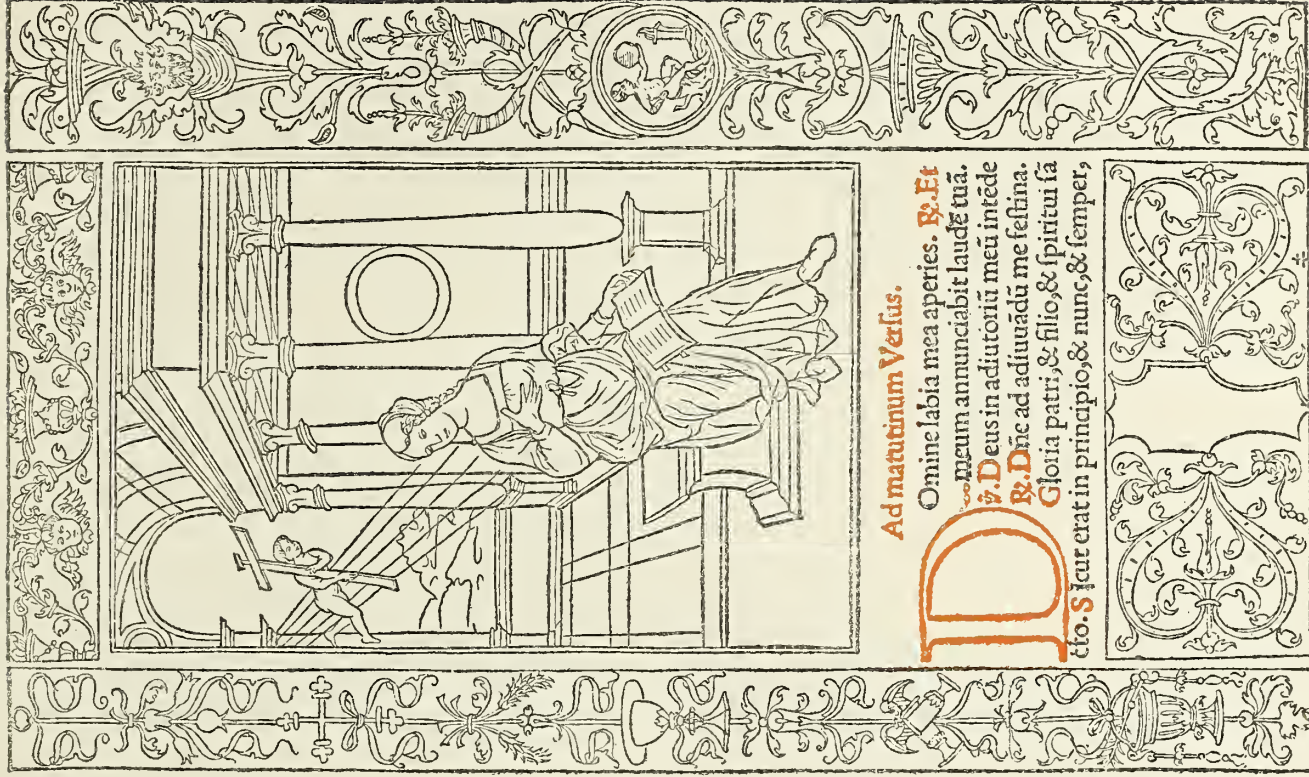
Hitherto we have spoken of Tory with little but faint praise: our illustration comes to remind us that at least, in one department, his work was wholly excellent. "The Book of Hours," from which these two beautiful pages have been reproduced, was issued in several slightly differing forms; the copy used for this article being dated Jan. 16th, 1525 (Old Style). With the exception of the privilege it is printed throughout in Roman type; with a sparing use of red ink. Every page is surrounded by a delicate border, similar in character to those here shown, and in addition to those now reproduced from Sig. D 3 verso and D 4 recto, there are eleven large illustrations, of which the following is a list: E 2 verso; The Salutation. E 7 recto; Adoration of the Holy Child by Joseph and Mary. F 1 recto; Adoration by the Shepherds. F 3 recto; Adoration by the Magi. F 5 recto; Circumcision. F 7 recto; Flight into Egypt. G 2 recto; Coronation of the Virgin. M 7 recto; The Crucifixion. N 2 recto; The Descent of the Holy Spirit. N 4 recto; The Penitence of David. O 4 recto; Death the Destroyer.

Taken singly, neither of the two pages here reproduced can be reckoned the most beautiful in the book, but the effect of the double illustration is so delightful that its claim to selec-



HORAE, in laudem beatis. semper virginis
MARIAE, secundum consuetudinem ec-
clesiae Romanae.

AVE GRATIA PLENA, DOMI-
NVS TECVM. BENEDICTA
TV IN MVLIBVS.



Ad matutinum Versus.

Omne labia mea aperies. **R.** Et
meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

D. Deus in adiutorium meum intende.
R. Domine ad adiuuandum me festina.
Gloria patri, & filio, & spiritui sa-
cto. **S.** Iste erat in principio, & nunc, & semper,

tion seemed imperative. Each of the four following illustrations deserves high praise, that of the Adoration of the Holy Child by Joseph and Mary in especial, showing more tenderness than is usual with Tory. In the picture of the Magi a splendid, if somewhat crude, effect is produced by the pure black of one of the kings, relieved only by a white cincture round his waist, and the white of his crown and anklets. This effect is repeated in "Death the Destroyer," where a purely black raven is seen sitting on a tree croaking "Cras, Cras." In the representation of "The Crucifixion," Tory's classicism is curiously shown by the four panels, which surround the central picture. Each of these bears as a motto one of Virgil's four lines beginning "Sic vos non vobis," and they represent respectively the bees, the birds, the sheep, and the ploughing cattle, whose lives and labours are profitable, not to themselves, but to the service of man. Another striking illustration is that of "The Penitence of David," in which an angel, bearing in his hands the symbols of the three punishments, plague, sword, and famine, is seen flying towards the king, who himself is kneeling in prayer, with the tokens of his royalty cast from him. The illustrations of "The Circumcision," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Coronation of the Virgin," and "The Descent of the Holy Spirit," are perhaps less successful than the ones already enumerated. They exhibit a certain failure on Tory's part, either in design or engraving, and the faces, never his strongest point, are needlessly harsh and unpleasant. Even in these, however, the decorative effect of the picture in its place on the page is admirable: while of the borders, of which the book contains upwards of twenty different varieties, it is impossible to speak too highly. They have not indeed the rich quaintness of some of the earlier Books of Hours, a quaintness which would have been altogether out of place, after the substitution of Roman for Gothic letters, but in delicate grace they are quite unsurpassable.

As far as we know, Geoffroy Tory lived in all some fifty-five years, and of these only the last nineteen or twenty were devoted to Art. Before he received any instruction in design he had been for twenty years a student of classical letters, and for more than ten years a teacher. It is not therefore surprising that we miss in his work something of the fresh-

ness and audacity of youth, that it is remarkable rather for good taste than for genius, and that even its good taste is occasionally marred by pedantry. Yet Tory has many claims on our regard. The earnest spirit in which he entered upon every task he undertook resulted in good work in many different directions. He respected the French language, and he helped to form it, not only by his translations and his "Champfleury," but by the introduction of the cedilla, and of certain improvements in accentuation and punctuation. His influence also on the form of books was wholly for good. He helped on the substitution of Roman for Gothic letter, set his face against meaningless variations of type, and designed very graceful bindings. In his "Book of Hours," above all, he has given us a practical example of a book, perfect in its beauty. These are his claims on our gratitude, and they are surely enough to bid us honour his memory.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.



GOLDEN LILIES.

O Daffodils all aflame,
I know from whence ye came
To warm March with your blaze !
As Gabriel went a-winging
Through flowering country ways,
He heard your trumpets ringing.

God's Paradise this was,
With a city of rainbow glass,
The River of Life there flows ;
The Tree of Life there blooming
Hath many a name that glows
Like flower and fruit illuming.

But Gabriel going down,
With a gold gown and crown,
Was grave as him bestead ;
Great tidings he was bringing,
To raise the earth from dead,
And set the heaven to singing.

" O young," he said, " is she
God's Maid and Queen, Marie ;"
He said, " I will bring down
These golden trumpets blowing,
And lay them on her gown,
To glad her with their showing."

Queen Marie in her bower
Had a white lily in flower,
And Gabriel brought the gold,
The gold lily that ever
Blowing his trumpet bold,
Declares her praise for ever.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



HAT WE KNOW OF SHAKS-PERE.

There is, I suppose, no question that Shakspeare is the best loved Poet of the English race. His name rises to our lips as that of the man in whom the literary majesty of our language, and the literary expression of English thought have as yet culminated. When other poets, the spokesmen of our time, have need of a representative man whom to name, they take him. When Wordsworth has to justify the Sonnet form,—not yet popular, perhaps never to be so,—wherein were so many of his own triumphs, he calls to mind that “with this key Shakspeare unlocked his heart.” When a Vision of Poets rises before the mental ken of the one great woman Poet of our day, Shakspeare seems to her to transcend them all in glory. When Charles Kingsley addresses the woman who seemed to him wisest and fairest of all, he conceives that he can praise her best in saying :

*“ Oh, thou hadst been a wife for Shakspeare’s self !
No head save some world-genius ought to rest
Above the treasures of that perfect breast.”*

There can be none who know not Matthew Arnold’s Sonnet in which he likens Shakspeare to

*“ the loftiest hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty.”*

Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Kingsley, Arnold ; you will hardly find four teachers who more fitly express the matured conviction of the best minds of the age, in putting forward Shakspeare as the wisest and greatest in the intellectual record of our nation.

If we look to the supreme name of each other country—I confine myself to modern time, the ages we understand and whose thought we can in a measure gauge,—there is but one name we can compare with his ; Dante alone can be considered for a moment ; the grandest German Goethe, the most brilliant Frenchman Voltaire—I speak of them only as intellectual giants,—the wisest and wittiest Spaniard Cervantes, are out of all comparison. But if the definition

of the supreme Poet would approximate as nearly as possible to that of the supreme man : " Perfect God and Perfect Man, of a Reasonable Soul, and Human Flesh subsisting " : then I think that Dante would be found somewhat lacking on the human side, while Shakspeare would not be found below Dante on the divine.

But in claiming for one of our own blood such magnificent, such pontifical rank in the great church whereinto the entrance depends not on repentance and faith, through the baptism of water, but on intellect alone, and most often through the baptism of fire and blood, it is well to be careful and to pause, lest English prejudice bias us overmuch. We may reassure ourselves, on testimony in no degree suspect.

To put it at its lowest estimate, Positivism is one of the great motive forces of the world at this present moment. It may not do all that Auguste Comte expected from it, but at least he is a man to be reckoned with in the shaping of the age's thought. Now in framing the Calendar of his new divisions of the year, Comte selected thirteen names of men for those of the months, as being typical of the phases through which the human mind has passed, and of various stages of human development. These stages overlap each other, but they are roughly speaking chronological, and the name of the person prefixed to each month is of him who exemplified most completely the character of each phase. In the month which bears the name of Shakspeare, Auguste Comte summed up the spirit of the Modern Drama. If we study that Calendar, well deserving attention even from those who are not Positivists, we shall I think discover that the wide soul and luminous intelligence of its framer are shown in the fact that his own nationality moved him so little in his choice of names. It is strange that a Frenchman has not selected as his chief name Racine, nor Corneille, but one whom even Voltaire had not known how to appreciate.

If we take the two men who in Germany, during the last century are best known to us, we shall find Goethe and Heine in full agreement about Shakspeare's preëminence. In Wilhelm Meister is to be found the most brilliant criticism which exists of Hamlet, while Heine's boundless admiration for Shakspeare is only intensified by the scorn

and distaste he felt for almost all else that was English. And cultivated Germans, their countrymen, know as a whole more about our Poet than we do ourselves. It is in no narrow spirit of provincialism that we put him among the greatest of the world.

Now, if we could call the dead to life, clasp their hands and bid them lead us, sit at their feet and pray them teach us, lay our head on their knees as little children do to their parents and tell them our perplexities and our struggles, whom would we choose, we who are English men and English women of to-day? We should feel—to adopt Comte's list for a moment in default of another—that Moses and Homer and Charlemagne are too vague, their forms too veiled in mist to come at them, we should be like the disciples of old, who “feared as they entered into the cloud.” St. Paul and Dante, tender and compassionate as we know their inmost hearts to have been, are too austere externally, too far withdrawn; who would try to warm himself at a star? The philosophers, the men of science are full of aid for our intellect, but if we love them and seek them, it is not for the qualities which make them great. The one man to whom we should turn, the most human, who had the most varied knowledge of life in all its depths and windings, is he whom we now consider our English Shakspeare.

Yet how different is the look of Shakspeare as we know him to that of any one else. It helps us much in our understanding of a man that we are aware of how he appeared to his fellows. Run over in your mind the great men who have influenced your lives; of some we can never know how they looked; they lived before painting or sculpture were Arts. But of the undoubted portraits of men whom we do know, all save one have the same characteristic; we see in them some likeness, more or less true, in many cases very true, of the men as they lived. Few, perhaps none, represent the whole man. Only a great painter here and there has ever succeeded in giving what we feel to be the entire character, as after many years the inner life had stamped itself upon the outward form. Bellini's Doge in the National Gallery, David's Pope Pius VII. at Fontainebleau, are such, but the generality of portraits give only a partial view of the spirit manifest in the flesh. But they are

living, they can be understood. The face of Shakspeare is *not* to be understood. It is the face of a man who was alive and is dead. All special feeling is discharged from it.

*"His face that two hours since hath died
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?"*

There is no doubt that the authentic portraits of Shakspeare are based on the Stratford Bust, and that is taken, more or less imperfectly, from a death mask. Mr. Woolner has pointed out that the bust is certainly the work of two hands; the whole of the face, and lower part of the forehead by one who knew thoroughly what he was about, but worked from a cast of the dead; the upper part by a less competent person, perhaps the mere village mason, working where the mask failed him. We know therefore of this face only the grand result, summed up by the Artist, death, we see not what went to form it, we know the whole and we do not know the parts; it is the most inscrutable of all portraits, save perhaps that of Dr. Donne, born nine years later than Shakspeare, as he stands shrouded, in marble effigy, in the south ambulatory of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is not, I think, fanciful to say that the teaching we gain from Shakspeare as a whole is of the same kind as that which is symbolized by his face, it is based on broad human principles from which we may derive guidance for ourselves in particular instances, but he has not a cut and dried maxim for every problem which presents itself to us, nor a rule for every hour, nor a code by which we are to think, feel, believe. He has no system of casuistry, not even ten commands, nor eight beatitudes, he tells us little of his own life, lest we call him master over much; he will only say "thus and thus life looked to me; I show you as in a mirror all that has seemed to me most notable for example, or for avoidance." We will seek some of these broad lessons.

Shakspeare is revealed to us in three ways, and it is often said that the revelations in each kind are scanty; but before giving our assent to this it will be well to see what they are. The first is of course given through the facts in his outward life. It is not superfluous to recapitulate these, for here in fact our positive knowledge is larger than we always recognize.

He was born in 1564, six years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and he died in 1616, thirteen years after the accession of James I. Thus his life is coincident with the morning hours of the new time on which our English nation was then entering. We may fairly hold that the Middle Ages expired with Mary, though their feeble breath was nearly quenched with that of Henry VIII. His life ended before the stormy days came under James's son, days which caused the minds of men to run in narrower channels, great as were the writers, Milton and Clarendon and Jeremy Taylor. But while Elizabeth reigned, breadth and freedom, as well as depth of intellect marked the high tide of the English Renaissance.

John Shakspeare, the father of William, was a well-to-do townsman at Stratford-on-Avon, and there is no real difficulty, although one has been raised, in the fact that those who have made researches into his calling have found him variously occupied. For it is very common indeed in provincial districts to find one man engaged in most different trades. John Shakspeare farmed his own land, and was designated as "yeoman", a respectable term which, as well as the thing it signified, has almost died out. He went through the various town offices, becoming an alderman and high bailiff. Of a family which could trace its descent through at least four generations, he married Mary Arden, who was a substantial heiress, and of a stock which dated back to the Conqueror. Two years before his death he received a grant of Arms from the Heralds College, then much more important than now it is. The coat of Arms comes under what is called "canting heraldry," that is, it contains an allusion to the name. A spear is the charge on the shield, and the crest is a Griffin holding or shaking a spear. This has probably tended to fix the spelling of the name down to the present day. The spelling of names was most wild and wayward three centuries ago; that in question varies between Shaxper, Shakspeare, probably the most genuine form, and Shakespear in various ways.

I mention all these things because I am intimately persuaded that there is no such thing as gathering grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. And to find that Shakspeare was sprung on both sides from men who had the education,

the culture and the gentle training of their time, goes far to explain what he was. One of the most powerful motives, as it seems to me, for self cultivation, ought not to be even our own enjoyment, but to help the generations yet unborn, our children, who so largely depend on what we are.

William Shakspeare was the eldest son of his parents, and was sent at the age of seven to the Grammar School of Stratford, where he remained till he was about fourteen. It is said that John Shakspeare fell into some business difficulties, and that William had to leave school early to aid his father. There is a tradition that he was bound apprentice to a butcher, but this may, I think, be dismissed as nonsense, there being a confusion between his father and a Thomas Shakspeare at Warwick, who was actually in that trade. Another tradition says that he taught in the school at which he had been educated ; and it is by no means unlikely, and quite in accordance with custom that, as he rose in the school, he should have taught the younger boys. It is certain that in the years during which he was at school, and afterwards in his father's business, he read not many books but much ; and he learned that which ought to be the aim of all boyish education, not to cram the memory with facts and figures, but how to use all that comes to us in life. It may be that Shakspeare knew "small Latin and less Greek," it is still more true that he retained what he had learned better than most men, and the result shows that in nearly every branch of the knowledge of those days Shakspeare was better educated than the great majority of men—then or now.

We know little of how his time was occupied when he was not teaching or with his father in business, but he thoroughly steeped himself in the country which was round him. When in after years he laid the scene of one of his plays in the forest of the Ardennes in France he described it as he saw the forest of Arden, which lay at his door ; the little town of Henley in Arden still keeps the memory of the name. There is a story of his having gone out with poachers, and shot a deer belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, whom he afterwards caricatured as Justice Shallow, and there is no reason to reject it. For in fact there is scarce any country place, in which many respect-

able young fellows might not have, or indeed have not, entered into such mere boyish frolics in pursuit of sport, so dear to the heart of every English lad, at some time in his life. That the scrape was not serious is evident from his frequent returns to Stratford, after he left it for London, and his settlement there again as a substantial land-owner, townsman, and burgess. It seems unlikely that any such youthful escapade drove him to leave Stratford for London, especially as we know of a more persuasive reason.

Shakspeare was wise enough, or fool enough, to marry when he was only eighteen, a woman of twenty six, and before he himself was two and twenty he had three children. His wife, Anne Hathaway, was the daughter of a yeoman, and there seems no reason to doubt that it was a true love match, happy, if somewhat imprudent. I take it that the first love of most honest young men is for women somewhat older than themselves, it is seldom that circumstances allow them to marry their first loves, or the kind of alliance would be more frequent than is the case. Nor was the marriage so rash as it may now seem. In the many businesses carried on by the Shakspeare family, a fair living was to be anticipated for the son and successor, if some of those trades were not as profitable as heretofore; life was not so complicated as now it is; while it was much more versatile, and men began their careers earlier.

When three years were over, however, things did not look bright, and Shakspeare went to London to see if fortune had aught in store for him. There is not one single fact to prove that he left home because he was unhappy in his marriage, as has been suggested; nothing to substantiate the assertion that his first connection with the theatre was that he held horses at the door. It is probable that he came to seek a patron for a poem he had already composed, the "Venus and Adonis." It was common in those days to court a wealthy and titled patron, literature not having as yet attained strength to run alone.

It is impossible to say how he became connected with the stage, but he became a player, and in the first instance an adapter and rewriter of plays written by others, with a keen eye for what the stage needed. He made friends among the great, his first Poems being dedicated to Lord Southampton;

and Lord Pembroke, one of the brightest figures in all Elizabeth's court, was to him more than a brother. These were persons whom a young man from the provinces less great by nature would as a rule scarce have known, and though he had the passionate love of many he had no less the passionate hate of others. Men of strong character have friends and enemies of equal fervour, if not in equal numbers.

The literary skill which was in Shakspeare grew by using, and when he wrote his greater works he must have known his power, yet he was careless of his gift, prizing it not for itself, but as a means to an end—the acquisition of property which he could call his own, in his birth-place. Thither he retired when he could, and finally as soon as he could; there he died, while yet in the flower of his age. He had sorrows, for he lost his only son; he had joys, for he realized his ambition; and he fell asleep while the wife of his youth and his daughters could lay him in the quiet church where he hoped to rest undisturbed. We may let some foolish traditions, some trivial verses ascribed to him, slumber, and suppose them to be harmless burs such as stick to every man who passes through the fields of life, but are no part of himself, nor even of his true environment. But in regard to the life as a whole, we may wonder why some people assert that his wish to attain a competence, and settle down in the abode of his forefathers, was other than noble. There are few more interesting and touching passages in Macaulay's *Essay on Warren Hastings*, than that in which he tells us of the great Proconsul's desire to purchase Daylesford, and build up a home once more where his ancestors had lived and died. What was noble at Daylesford in the eighteenth century was not less so in Stratford in the sixteenth. There is something most pathetic in the thought that he, whose spirit searched the hidden deeps of humanity, and soared to its summits, lived an outward life on its level plain, and was concerned with those everyday things which are the staple of an ordinary man's occupation. If we think at times that our lives are monotonous and prosaic, lacking in the stir and romance which would, we dream, quicken our pulses, and ennoble our souls, it may be well to remember that Shakspeare's feet rested on solid common-place earth. And if to live for others be the highest calling of man,

to do so unconsciously, and by a noble human instinct, is greater than to follow however carefully a conscious and deliberate plan.

Between these lines of outward fact which are known to all, much may be read by those who have eyes to see. Meres, Chettle, Ben Jonson, who loved him, all have pregnant sentences about him, and in his favour; Greene and Nash sneered at him; Davies too has disparaging allusions, but he also speaks of his "honesty," that is, honour and good character. I would refer those who wish to gather up all indications of Shakspeare's life and character, to a chapter in Mr. Gerald Massey's recent work on Shakspeare's Sonnets called "The Man Shakspeare and his private friends," and to a valuable collection of Essays, "Noctes Shaksperianæ," written by members of the Winchester Shakspeare Society. We should however always read Mr. Massey with great caution, and I trust you will wholly disagree with his theory of the Sonnets. There will dawn to the patient investigator a vision of the man very much clearer than that of any other Elizabethan writer save Ben Jonson, far more distinct, for instance, than that of Beaumont or Fletcher, of Marlowe or Greene. If we regret the fact that we know the purely literary men of those days so far less than the Statesmen, some of whom as literary men are remembered chiefly because they *are* statesmen, as Sidney and Raleigh, we should recognize that this is in the nature of things. We are acquainted with every detail of the lives of our greatest statesmen now, but how little men in general know of our greatest poets, of Tennyson and Browning; of our greatest novelists, Meredith and Hardy; and if this be true in these days of Biography and Autobiography, of Interviews and Celebrities at Home, how much more was it the case when a man was on the whole allowed to live his life unto himself alone, not forced against his will to "wear his heart upon his sleeve" "for daws to peck at." Besides, what Heine says is most true:

"The want of definite information about Shakspeare's Life
" is easily to be explained when we think of those storms,
" both religious and political, which broke out shortly after
" his death, which for some time put the Puritans in absolute
" power, and afterwards had such withering influence, so that

“ not only was the golden age of Elizabethan literature
“ brought to nought, but totally forgotten.”

The second revelation is of course through the Plays. But to this statement a limitation must be made, inasmuch as we may not suppose for a moment that Shakspeare has drawn a portrait of himself in any character of his dramas. To say that he was Romeo in his youth, or Hamlet when the problems of existence pressed on him, is manifestly absurd ; if aught of himself were depicted in either, it can be but a small portion. He would seem to have guarded against any such superficial interpretation by placing characteristic touches of self in the mouths of baser persons, as when the wonderful description of a good name is given by Iago. He would not have been a true artist, if it were possible to accept such a suggestion. The self revelation consists in the manner that he views life as a whole. He is the greatest writer of a time in which humanity was object enough in itself, was its own foreground, and middle distance, and background ; was not seen as projected against the clear sky of heaven, or the lurid smoke of hell ; in which man was not considered with reference to some other life, and the world was not contemplated only as a mere passing atom in time, in contrast with the abidingness of the Eternal. Let me explain what I mean by a rapid survey of some earlier presentments of man.

The Greek Tragedians exhibit all their scenes and figures against a great background of Destiny, only another name for that which was afterwards known as the Calvinistic conception of God. “ In God we live and move and have our “ being,” said St. Paul, and in that sentence he summed up the essence of the Old Testament Scriptures. The New Testament gathered up Humanity into Christ, who *ex hypothesi* was Very God. The one great Epic of the Middle Ages leaves earth altogether, and shows us men moving in the after world, which was mapped out with a precision greater than that employed on terrestrial charts. The master book of devotion in the Middle Ages, the Imitation of Christ, is absolutely scornful of things that are, except in reference to those which are to be. And if our English Chaucer be the one exception among earlier poets,

in his human and mundane conception of the life which transacted itself before him, Tennyson has chosen the right phrase in considering him a harbinger of Shakspeare. In Shakspeare was summed up the English Renascence on its purely and simply secular side. Of course he brings in the unseen world here and there, and equally of course when he does so, he speaks the theological language of his time, but his motives are of this world, his virtues of this world; here are his punishments, here are his rewards. The great scene between Claudio and Isabella in "Measure for Measure," is typical of this, in which the sister is exhorting her brother to play the man, and die if need be to expiate his fault. She, the nun, the votaress of St. Clare, looks on death simply from the human side:

*"The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."*

Claudio says "Death is a fearful thing," to which Isabel retorts, "And shamed life a hateful." Claudio pictures to himself a purgatory and a hell, while Isabel says no word of the future life. And so is it throughout. Shakspeare never projects life against the supernatural. But all the splendid pageant of his age moves before him, and the past is coloured by the life of his present. He painted men as they were, nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice. He had the gift of a large sympathy, which did not disdain the mirth of clowns, nor the ignorance of the unlearned, nor to smile while he pitied Falstaff. He saw the pathos of life, its unrealized ideals, its hopeless failures, as well as its triumph and its crown. There is in him none of the careless spirit personified in the Epicurean Gods, nor does he venture to stand in the place of a great and final judge, but he is as one who knows that all is working to one far off divine event, and that the fantastic tricks of the units which compose the whole neither make much nor mar much.

At the same time that he had these broad and general sympathies he was a specialist if ever one there were. It would be wearisome to recapitulate the many speculations on his training, his education, his opinions, his callings in life before he became a player, founded on the exact know-

ledge of details on so many subjects which are to be found in the Plays. He must, say they, have been a lawyer's clerk, because of the legal knowledge displayed by him, he had studied medicine, witness his acquaintance with mad folk, he was a protestant, he was a catholic, he was this or that. On most of these matters we may speculate as we please, but in the stormy Renaissance time when so much was destroyed, he was conservative in the best sense, and he was above all the mirror of his time. The England of Elizabeth will stand out vivid before men for ever; whatever else becomes mythical and unreal, of that we can say: it was thus and thus.

The third great Revelation of Shakspeare is through the Sonnets. Mr. Massey is the most recent among those who believe that these are not personal; I hold on the contrary that they are the third great factor in our understanding his character, that they are, just so far as we can interpret them, that unlocking of his heart by Shakspeare to all whom it might concern.

His confessions therein are as truthful as man ever made to his friends or his fellows, but they have not in them the perfect clearness and passionate self-abasement of St. Augustine, nor the unabashed complacency of Rousseau. Shakspeare never mixed his soul with clay, he had that truest repentance which consists in the wish to amend; he never lost his nobleness of aspiration, he told his faults with a dignified reserve of words. I think that if the details of the story sketched in the Sonnets are here and there obscure, the main facts are clear enough. The one great love of Shakspeare's life was that for a friend. It was such as David had felt for Jonathan. It was such as in its intensity, purity and absolute unselfishness only the rarest souls can experience, or even fully understand. Alongside of this devoted friendship ran a love for some unknown woman which was not so innocent. Anne Hathaway, now Anne Shakspeare, left of stern necessity behind at Stratford, was for awhile forgotten, or at least she ceased to hold her due place in her husband's heart; his friend was aware of this passion, and yet supplanted him. There was a time of bitter anger and sorrow; a time in which he felt his faith in human nature giving way,

a time in which he mourned his wrong doing, striving after righteousness and peace once more, and these at last he attained. He put from him his illicit love, and he forgave his friend, so reaching a counsel of perfection to which but few attain, forgiving not only till "seven times, but until seventy "times seven." The whole of this revelation is manly, dignified, sublime. That great crisis of soul which is called conversion can be best understood by the man who has read St. Augustine's Confessions, how base morally can be the man of fine intellect and keen sensibility can best be imagined by the student of Rousseau, and in the Sonnets, the other of the three great Confessions of the world, may be read the history of a soul which keeps its balance, its true respect for manhood and for self, even in the stress of penitence.

It will thus be obvious to any who have followed me so far that I cannot agree with critics who like Delius consider the Sonnets as "the free outcome of a poetic imagination," or with such as like Dyce consider that only a few sonnets refer to circumstances of the poet's life, while the main body of them may be regarded as mere exercises of the fancy. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this theory is to be found in the elaborate work by Mr. Gerald Massey of which I have already spoken; a ponderous monument of misplaced ingenuity.

Nor can I assent to those who consider there is anything unworthy, ignoble, or unmanly in the unusual love and admiration Shakspeare exhibits for the younger friend who wronged him. It was a mode of the time to give the reins to the fancy in speaking of friendship as in speaking of love. It must be remembered that, though there were exceptions, women of intellect were fewer than now, and that although in theory a wife is now, more often than perhaps in fact, the mate of a man's spirit as well as of his body, the intellectual *camaraderie* which all men need was, at least in those days, more often to be found in a friend than in a lover. Hence in writers of the Elizabethan age those outpourings of affection towards the same, which are now usually restricted to the other, sex. As Professor Dowden well says: "The writer "of amatory sonnets was expected, as a matter of course, to "express an extravagance of sentiment. But friendship, a

“ marriage of soul with soul, was looked upon as even a more
“ ardent, and more transcendent power than love. In Allot’s
“ Wits Commonwealth (1598) we read: The love of men to
“ women is a thing common and of course, but the friendship
“ of man to man infinite and immortal.”

So writes the sanest critic I have met with on the Sonnets. But if any are yet inclined to think that Shakspeare’s words to his friend exceed the bounds of honest and honourable praise, if any think them effeminate, I would say only this further. There is but one coarse word or phrase in the whole range of the Sonnets, and that one, as it so happens, absolutely negatives any suspicion dishonouring to Shakspeare.

There are who do not think themselves bound to fashion any theory about the persons in the drama unfolded by the Sonnets. They would seem to hold that if they cannot fill in all the details there is no use in making a sketch. I cannot feel with them. As in scientific, so in literary matters of this kind, it is good to have a working hypothesis round which the facts may crystallize, even at the risk of having again to dissolve them if a new discovery be made. Any provisional order is better than disorder. Such a working hypothesis may be found—with me it is also conviction—in supposing that the youth of the Sonnets is Pembroke. He was nineteen when Shakspeare was thirty-five. There is no figure who moves with more stately beauty through the pageant of the Elizabethan Age; there is none whom all the allusions in the Sonnets seem to suit so completely. I am unable to admit with Dowden that the patron of these poems is “ a dim figure.” The rival poet who for a while supplanted Shakspeare in Pembroke’s affection is more dim, Daniel or Chapman seem the most probable guesses. The woman who was the cause of all the woe, the woman for whom Shakspeare and his friend almost sacrificed their passionate and happy friendship can perhaps never be identified. To quote once more from Dowden: “ We shall never discover the
“ name of that woman who for a season could sound, as no
“ one else, the instrument in Shakspeare’s heart from the
“ lowest note to the top of the compass. To the eyes of no
“ diver among the wrecks of time will that curious talisman
“ gleam. Already when Thorpe dedicated these poems to

“ their only begetter, she perhaps was lost in the quick moving
“ life of London, to all but a few in whose memory were
“ stirred as by a forlorn small wind the grey ashes of a fire
“ gone out.” But the name of Pembroke is enough, let the
Sonnets cluster round him, and the story, I think, becomes
comparatively clear ; in reading the story, you lay your
hand as it were on Shakspeare, and feel the beatings of that
stormy and mighty heart, before he attained to the calm in
which we think of him now among the immortals.

But it is of course to be admitted that the Sonnets show
one phase only of Shakspeare's Life, the Sturm und Drang
Periode, not the finally serene and prosperous man who
died at Stratford, while yet in the flower of his age.

Thus have I endeavoured to give in outline what we know
of Shakspeare. Each separate portrait must have details
filled in by patient study. The scholar should avoid, as
the plague, the framing in his own mind a Life, such as
Dean Plumptre has written of Bishop Ken, in which on
every page you find what might have been, rather than
what was. But as we search contemporary literature, and
mark one by one the allusions to Shakspeare, read Marlowe,
and recognize the actual quotations, find out the few books
then in print, native or translated, which he must have
handled, the edition of Montaigne above all, which we know
that he possessed ; the dry bones will clothe themselves,
and the mist of three centuries clear away.

Then take the Plays, and consider whether there you do
not find those among whom the Poet moved, so as to see
what were his relations to other men ; whether it does not
pass from an hypothesis into a certainty that Nash, who
jeered at Shakspeare, was answered in “ Love's Labour's
Lost ;” and that Davies, the writing master of Hereford,
sat for Malvolio ; whether greater men and dear friends,
Pembroke, and Southampton, and Essex are not shadowed
out. And here I would again name to be read, but to be
used with singular caution, Mr. Massey's Essay on “ The
Man Shakspeare, and his private friends.”

For the Sonnets, the true way of study is to translate
them, to write them into prose, to analyze them, and leave
no passage till it has cleared itself to your mind, and after
these three revelations are examined, it will be a surprise to

the student how near he has got to the very man whom at a distance he has already loved.

You all know how theologians delight to dwell on the faint indications of certain Scripture characters, and to show how in slight words and touches are subtle hints from which a whole life can be evolved, of Abraham, of David, of the Apostles, of the Blessed Virgin. The devout soul knows that these indications are true; can live with the saints; can trust itself to their guidance, not at all as abstractions, but as friends, as patrons. The dead are alive, recreated less by faith than by a spiritual comparative anatomy, which learns to reconstruct a whole from a part, as famous osteologists have restored long forgotten animals from fragments of bone. What science has done for the prehistoric world, and religion for the saints, love can do for Shakspeare, and the reverent student can attain to know him, through whom more than any writer, we may know Man, the proper study of mankind.

We are led by him through the throngs of life, as a child who clings to a father's hand through the streets of this great city. Some vile faces the child must see, debased by passion, some rough words will strike the ear, but the firm grasp and the encouraging tones of the guide are with it all the way, and the shifting mob proves a useful education under this firm, wise, and omniscient conduct.

It is the condition of our modern life that we can rarely be alone; the hermit life is over, and we can at best have a few hermit hours now and then. For those periods of retreat and solitude, the Psalmist, the Evangelists, Thomas à Kempis, and men like these are our best companions; but for our struggling ordinary life, "this workaday world," so "full of briars," there is no nobler, no more beloved teacher, than the man to whom I have bowed all my heart in these words, to whose feet I have tried to lead you.

C. KEGAN PAUL.



TO HIMSELF: IN INTERCESSION FOR
HIS MISTRESS.

Do thou relent,
Her heart will break ;
She, for Love's sake,
To thee was sent.

She hath no tie,
Nor outward chain,
That might constrain,
Or keep thee nigh.

Only she may,
Through weeping eyes,
See whither lies
Thy changeful way.

Those unsaid vows,
And all thy love,
The pillars prove
Of that fair house.

Nay, then, relent,
Her heart will break ;
She for Love's sake,
To thee was sent.

HERBERT P. HORNE.



THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF; AND NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH, BY MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS: THIRD EDITION, IN ONE VOLUME; MDCCCLXXXIX.

Benvenuto Cellini was born in Florence, upon the first of November, 1500. His father was a musician; and he desired, that the boy should follow his own calling: but the craftsman within him was too strong; and he resolved to be a goldsmith. He was apprenticed, therefore, to Michael Agnolo Bandinello, an artist from Pinzi di Monte; and, afterwards, to another jeweller, named Marcone. He perfected his art, in Siena, in Bologna, in Pisa, and in Rome: he worked for the Popes, Clement VII. and Paul III.; he worked for two Dukes of Florence; and he worked, in Paris, for King Francis I. In 1558, he received the Tonsure and the Minor Orders; two years later, he married. His memoirs came to an end, in 1562. He died, in 1569; and he was honoured with a public funeral, in the church of the Annunziata.

Cellini himself has filled in this outline, with details; and his narrative is allowed, by very competent authorities, to be one of the most entertaining volumes in all the world. Mr. Symonds has made so excellent a translation, that his work may be put upon the same level, as Rossetti's translation of the "*Vita Nuova*", or as Sir Charles Bowen's Virgil. It is not possible to give to a translation higher praise; and only those, who know the difficulties of the original, will appreciate the nicety of Mr. Symonds' rendering: he has not only given to his readers a faithful translation; but he has preserved for them, the tone and the spirit, the very turns and peculiarities, of Cellini himself; and, at the same time, by holding firmly to the original, Mr. Symonds has created a piece of English, which, judged by the standard of these days, may be considered to be scholarly and restrained, to no usual degree: in its chastened vocabulary, in its careful punctuation, in its nice distribution and arrangement of the sentences, this translation is by far the most pleasing, because it is by far the most correct, of all Mr. Symonds' works.

Two English Translators of Cellini preceded Mr. Symonds; and the only way to estimate his work, is to set it beside the original, and beside the other translations : of these, the one is by Dr. Nugent ; it was published, in 1771 : the other is by Mr. Roscoe ; and it was published in 1822.

I will begin with a passage from the seventy-first chapter, of the first book ; it narrates an interview between Cellini and Clement VII., the Pope of Henry The Eighth's divorce.

CELLINI : " Pochi giorni appresso avendo finito la mia medaglia, la stampai in oro ed in argento ed in ottone. Mostratala a messer Pietro, subito m'introdusse dal Papa. Era un giorno doppo desinare del mese di aprile, ed era un bel tempo : il papa era in Belvedere. Giunto alla presenza di Sua Santità, gli porsi in mano le medaglie insieme con li conii di acciaio. Presele, subito conosciuto la gran forza di arte che era in esse, guardato messer Piero in viso, disse : ' Gli antichi non furno mai sì ben 'serviti di medaglie.' "

MR. SYMONDS : " Not many days passed before, my medal being finished, I stamped it in gold, silver, and copper. After I had shown it to Messer Pietro, he immediately introduced me to the Pope. It was on a day in April after dinner, and the weather very fine ; the Pope was in the Belvedere. After entering the presence, I put my medals together with the dies of steel into his hand. He took them, and recognising at once their mastery of art, looked Messer Piero in the face and said : ' The ancients never 'had such medals made for them as these.' "

DR. NUGENT : " Having a few days after finished my medal, I stamped it upon gold, silver, and copper, and showed it to Signor Piero, who immediately introduced me to the Pope. I was admitted into the presence of his Holiness one day just after dinner ; it was in the month of April, and the weather very fine ; when he was at Belvedere : Upon entering the apartment I delivered him the medals, with the steel instruments which I used in stamping them. He took them into his hand, and observing the great ingenuity with which they were made, looked at Signor Piero and said ; ' Were the ancients ever 'as successful in striking medals as we?' "

Mr. Roscoe's translation is the same as Dr. Nugent's ; it

varies only in having a colon after the word "dinner," and a full stop after "Belvedere."

The second passage, from Book I., Chapter 127, introduces us to Paul III.; that Pope, who approved and confirmed the Jesuit Order: and to whose reign we may ascribe the death of Catholicism; and the birth of that narrow, centralizing clericalism, which has afflicted, enfeebled, and demoralized the Church, ever since the Council of Trent.

CELLINI: "Così passando pochi giorni innanzi, comparse
" a Roma il cardinale di Ferrara; il quale andando a fare
" reverenzia al papa, il papa lo trattenne tanto, che venne
" l'ora della cena. E perchè il papa era valentissimo uomo,
" volse avere assai agio a ragionare col cardinale di quella
" francioserie. E perchè nel pasteggiare vien detto di quelle
" cose che fuori di tale atto tal volta non si dirieno; per
" modo che, essendo quel gran re Francesco in ogni cosa sua
" liberalissimo, ed il cardinale, che sapeva bene il gusto del
" re, ancora lui appieno compiacque al papa molto più di
" quello che il papa non si immaginava; di modo che il
" papa era venuto in tanta letizia, sì per questo, e ancora
" perchè gli usava una volta la settimana di fare una crapula
" assai gagliarda, perchè dappoi la gomitava. Quando il
" cardinale vidde la buona disposizione del papa, atta a
" compiacer grazie, mi chiese da parte del re con grande
" istanza, mostrando che il re aveva gran desiderio di tal
" cosa. Allora il papa, sentendosi appressare all' ora del
" suo vomito, e perchè la troppa abbondanza del vino
" ancora faceva l'ufizio suo, disse al cardinale con gran risa:
" Ora ora voglio che ve lo meniate a casa; e date l'esprese
" commissioni, si levò da tavola; ed il cardinale subito
" mandò per me, prima che il signor Pier Luigi lo sapessi,
" perchè non m' avrebbe lasciato in modo alcuno uscire di
" prigione."

MR. SYMONDS: "A few days had passed when the
" Cardinal of Ferrara arrived in Rome. He went to pay his
" respects to the Pope, and the Pope detained him up to
" supper-time. Now the Pope was a man of great talent for
" affairs, and he wanted to talk at his ease with the Cardinal
" about French politics. Everybody knows that folk, when
" they are feasting together, say things which they would
" otherwise retain. This therefore happened. The great

“ King Francis was most frank and liberal in all his
“ dealings, and the Cardinal was well acquainted with his
“ temper. Therefore the latter could indulge the Pope
“ beyond his boldest expectations. This raised his Holiness
“ to a high pitch of merriment and gladness, all the more
“ because he was accustomed to drink freely once a week,
“ and went indeed to vomit after his indulgence. When,
“ therefore, the Cardinal observed that the Pope was well
“ disposed, and ripe to grant favours, he begged for me at
“ the King’s demand, pressing the matter hotly, and proving
“ that his majesty had it much at heart. Upon this the
“ Pope laughed aloud ; he felt the moment for his vomit at
“ hand ; the excessive quantity of wine which he had drunk
“ was also operating ; so he said : ‘ On the spot, this instant,
“ ‘ you shall take him to your house.’ Then, having given
“ express orders to this purpose, he rose from table. The
“ Cardinal immediately sent for me, before Signor Pier
“ Luigi could get wind of the affair ; for it was certain that
“ he would not have allowed me to be loosed from prison.”

DR. NUGENT : “ After I had led this melancholy life a few
“ days longer, the Cardinal of Ferrara made his appearance
“ at Rome : Upon going to pay his respects to his holiness,
“ he was detained to supper ; and the pope, being a person
“ of great taste and genius, chose to converse with him
“ concerning all that he had seen curious and worthy of
“ observation in France. The Cardinal in the heat of
“ conversation discovered several things which he would
“ otherwise have concealed ; and as he knew how to conform
“ himself to the French King’s taste, and was equally
“ possessed of the art of pleasing his holiness, the latter
“ took a much greater liking to him than he was aware of
“ himself, and seemed to be in high spirits, as well on
“ account of this engaging conversation, as of the debauch
“ he committed on the occasion, which he repeated every
“ week, and vomited after it. When the Cardinal saw the
“ Pope in a good humour, and likely to grant favours, he
“ applied in my behalf, in the name of the king his master,
“ in the most urgent manner imaginable, and expressed
“ himself in such terms as demonstrated that the French
“ monarch was very solicitous to obtain his request. The
“ holy father therefore perceiving that his time of vomiting

“ was at hand, and that the great quantity of wine he had
“ poured down his throat was upon the point of operating,
“ said to the Cardinal, laughing; take Benvenuto home
“ with you directly, without a moment’s delay: Thus
“ having given proper orders in the affair, he rose from
“ table, and the Cardinal sent for me that very moment,
“ before the affair could come to the knowledge of signor
“ Pierluigi, who would never have consented to my
“ releasment.”

MR. ROSCOE: I had intended to give to my readers an example of Mr. Roscoe’s “translations”; but, when I had made a copy of Dr. Nugent’s rendering of Cellini’s audience with Clement VII., I found, that Mr. Roscoe had done the same. In this longer passage, Mr. Roscoe has changed the Miltonic word “releasment,” into “release”; but he has made no other change in Dr. Nugent’s rendering: he has again altered, and again not improved, Dr. Nugent’s punctuation: some words, he spells with capitals, which Dr. Nugent had written small: after the semi-colon, which precedes the speech of the Pope, Mr. Roscoe inserts a dash; an infallible witness to this writer’s, and to every writer’s, impropriety and want of care. As I turned over the later “translation”, I found an equal similarity in every passage, except in the opening; where an exact resemblance would have been no less hazardous, than it is impudent in other places: Yet, Mr. Roscoe assures us, upon his title-page, that the work is “now first translated into English”; that is, he would have us believe, he had never heard of Dr. Nugent; he would say, in the words of Boswell, “This is a proof of “coincidence, and not of plagiarism”: It may be so; but the whole of literature can not show another “coincidence” so strange, as that two men should employ the same words, almost invariably; when they set themselves to translate so difficult, and so idiomatic, an author, as Benvenuto Cellini.

Mr. Symonds allows to Mr. Roscoe “the merit of a sound “old-fashioned style:” the style is, indeed, “sound”; and it has all the graceful ease, and all the refined soberness, of the eighteenth century scholarship; but the “merit” of these must be attributed, for the future, to Dr. Nugent. Now, Dr. Nugent’s work was not an hole and corner thing; it was dedicated, to Sir Joshua Reynolds; it was reviewed,

by Dr. Johnson: and, I suppose, the author is that Dr. Nugent, who appears, in the pages of Boswell, as a member of the Literary Club. However that may be, Dr. Johnson has reviewed this translation of "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini": the review is in his best manner; that is, in his literary manner, not in his ethical manner; and he says admirably, in a few pregnant sentences, what a modern reviewer would try, but without art, and therefore without success, to say in his tedious and interminable pages. Everything has its due notice; bibliography, history, art, language, manners, and religion: and it is all done, with simple and scholarly ease; without strained phrases, and without affectation. He, that knows Dr. Johnson's review, may indeed find, in other Commentators, more words about Cellini; but he will hardly find, in them, as many facts: and nowhere else, will he meet the facts in manly, pleasing, and straightforward English; I cannot, therefore, do better than reproduce the notice here, for the pleasure, and for the instruction, of my readers. Dr. Johnson says of his Translator, he "seems to have carefully studied his author, and to "have translated him with ease and freedom, as well as "truth and fidelity:" in conclusion, I will borrow this admirable phrase, and apply it to Mr. Symonds; for I do not hesitate to assert, that it may be applied with more propriety to his translation, than to Dr. Nugent's. For Mr. Symonds' most acceptable undertaking, I desire once more to record my gratitude and my admiration. ARTHUR GALTON.

"SOME ACCOUNT OF A BOOK, CALLED THE
"LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

"The original of this celebrated performance lay in a
"manuscript, above a century and an half. Though it was
"read with the greatest pleasure by the learned of Italy, no
"man was hardy enough, during so long a period, to
"introduce to the world a book in which the successors of
"St. Peter were handled so roughly: a narrative, where
"artists and sovereign princes, cardinals and courtezans,
"ministers of state and mechanics, are treated with equal
"impartiality.

"At length, in the year 1730, an enterprizing Neapolitan,
"encouraged by Dr. Antonio Cocchi, one of the politest

“ scholars in Europe, published this so-much desired work
“ in one volume Quarto. The Doctor gave the editor an
“ excellent preface, which, with very slight alteration, is
“ judiciously preserved by the translator, Dr. Nugent: the
“ book is, notwithstanding, very scarce in Italy: the clergy
“ of Naples are very powerful; and though the editor very
“ prudently put Colonia instead of Neapoli in the title-page,
“ the sale of Cellini was prohibited; the court of Rome has
“ actually made it an article in their *Index Expurgatorius*,
“ and prevented the importation of the book into any
“ country where the power of the Holy See prevails.

“ The life of Benvenuto Cellini is certainly a phenomenon
“ in biography, whether we consider it with respect to the
“ artist himself, or the great variety of historical facts which
“ relate to others: it is indeed a very good supplement to
“ the history of Europe, during the greatest part of the
“ sixteenth century, more especially in what relates to
“ painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the most eminent
“ masters in those elegant arts, whose works Cellini praises
“ or censures with peculiar freedom and energy.

“ As to the man himself, there is not perhaps a more
“ singular character among the race of Adam: the admired
“ Lord Herbert of Cherbury scarce equals Cellini in the
“ number of peculiar qualities which separate him from the
“ rest of the human species.

“ He is at once a man of pleasure, and a slave to super-
“ stition; a despiser of vulgar notions, and a believer in
“ magical incantations; a fighter of duels, and a composer
“ of divine sonnets; an ardent lover of truth, and a retailer
“ of visionary fancies; an admirer of papal power, and an
“ hater of popes; an offender against the laws, with a strong
“ reliance on divine providence. If I may be allowed the
“ expression, Cellini is one striking feature added to the
“ human form; a prodigy to be wondered at, not an example
“ to be imitated.

“ Though Cellini was so blind to his own imperfections
“ as to commit the most unjustifiable actions, with a full
“ persuasion of the goodness of his cause and the rectitude
“ of his intention, yet no man was a keener and more
“ accurate observer of the blemishes of others; hence his
“ book abounds with sarcastick wit and satirical expression.

“ Yet though his portraits are sometimes grotesque and
“ over-charged, from misinformation, from melancholy, from
“ infirmity, and from peculiarity of humour ; in general it
“ must be allowed that they are drawn from the life, and
“ conformable to the idea given by contemporary writers.
“ His characters of pope Clement the seventh, Paul the
“ third, and his bastard son Pier Luigi ; Francis the first
“ and his favourite mistress madam d’Estampes ; Cosmo
“ duke of Florence, and his duchess, with many others, are
“ touched by the hand of a master.

“ General history cannot descend to minute details of the
“ domestic life and private transactions, the passions and
“ foibles of great personages ; but these give truer represen-
“ tations of their characters than all the elegant and laboured
“ compositions of poets and historians.

“ To some, a register of the actions of a statuary may
“ seem an heap of uninteresting occurrences ; but the dis-
“ cerning will not disdain the efforts of a powerful mind,
“ because the writer is not ennobled by birth, or dignified
“ by station.

“ The man who raises himself by consummate merit in
“ his profession to the notice of princes, who converses with
“ them in a language dictated by honest freedom, who
“ scruples not to tell them those truths which they must
“ despair to hear from courtiers and favourites, from
“ minions and parasites, is a bold leveller of distinctions
“ in the courts of powerful monarchs. Genius is the
“ parent of truth and courage ; and these, united, dread no
“ opposition.

“ The Tuscan language is greatly admired for its elegance,
“ and the meanest inhabitants of Florence speak a dialect
“ which the rest of Italy are proud to imitate. The style of
“ Cellini, though plain and familiar, is vigorous and ener-
“ getic. He possesses, to an uncommon degree, strength of
“ expression, and rapidity of fancy. Dr. Nugent seems to
“ have carefully studied his author, and to have translated
“ him with ease and freedom, as well as truth and fidelity.”

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

CONTEMPORARY NOTES.

In explanation of his drawing of Britomart in the present number of the Hobby Horse, Mr. Shields wishes to append the following remarks. In Spenser's "Faerie Queene," book 3, canto 2, Britomart goes to "her father's closet," where was a magic glass, made by Merlin. There, thinking of her future life,

*"Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize."
"The damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well; ne further fastned not,
But went her way;
But the false archer which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feel the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull stound."*

The curtain Britomart draws back is wrought with mystic figures; prominent among them being a crocodile devouring flame, in reference to the dream of Britomart in the fifth book, which gives the issue of this vision in her union with Sir Artegall. In this passage Britomart sleeping in the temple of Isis, dreams that a tempest, scattering the holy fire, sets the temple in flames, so that both it and herself are in danger of destruction. Then arises the sacred crocodile, who straightway devours both flames and tempest, and would have devoured Britomart too: but, beaten back by the goddess, he sues for the princess's love, which she accords; and brings forth by him a lion, that subdues all creatures. Britomart awakes in terror; but is reassured by one of the priests, who tells her that,

*"That same crocodile doth represent
The righteous knight that is my faithfull lover."
"That knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That lion-like shall shew his powre extream.
So bless thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dreame!"*

The astrological signs are those of Mars, Venus, Aries, and Virgo.

In the notes, which accompanied the letters of D. G. Rossetti, published in the last number of this magazine, mention was made of a forthcoming book by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. This reference was, I fear, through inadvertence, somewhat misleading. Mr. Rossetti wishes me to say, that the book in question is a book of his own, not a transcript of letters written by his brother. But, at some later time, he adds, "I do contemplate publishing a book, which will consist in great part of letters written by my brother, viz.: the letters which he wrote to members of his own family."

Towards the close of August, was published by its Editor, Mr. C. H. Shannon, at his house in the Vale, at Chelsea, the first number of a new periodical devoted to Art, named "The Dial." It is to appear, I understand, at such intervals as the sun of inspiration will

permit; hence the name. In recent years, no attempt of this kind has appeared, in England, possessing so much interest and originality, or more full of promise of things to come. A modern magazine which does not descend to the abortive regions of magazine verse, which declares the present French school to be a school of "no-interest," is certainly to be welcomed. The literary portion of the periodical, however, is not technically satisfactory as prose, or equal in interest to the pictorial portion. The absence here of any severity of thought, without which prose cannot be said to exist, is felt, also, throughout the rest of the number. In the frontispiece, for example, there is nothing of that severity of design and conception, which is the distinctive charm of the finest Japanese drawings. But, without question, "The Dial" is a magazine to be bought; and we sincerely hope it may have the success it deserves.

"The Star Bearer, a Legend of the Lost Pleiad," is the title of a mystical, elegantly written poem, in eleven stanzas, by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman: published, we believe, for the purpose of a Christmas present, at the press of Messrs. Berwick and Smith, Boston. The woodcut illustrations, which serve as borders to the text, are rich in their decorative effect: and that, especially, of the Three Kings, kneeling with their gifts before Our Lady and her Divine Child, has no little character and beauty about it. These are the work of Mr. H. Pyle. As an example of the modern feeling and method in the art of book-illustration, this sumptuous publication is one of the most pleasing works, that have reached us from America.

Mr. Stedman is, at present, engaged upon "A Library of American Literature, from the Earliest Settlement, to the Present Time." It is to be published, by subscription, in ten volumes, by Messrs. Charles L. Webster and Co., of New York. All English students of American literature will welcome gladly an important work of this nature; since it will enable them, at last, to obtain a complete and comprehensive view of a literature, which, as a whole, has, in this country, been too little studied.

Our modern street architecture is, for the most part, so entirely meretricious and unsatisfactory, that it is an uncommon pleasure to be attracted by a new building, other than the work of one of the few men, who, in these days, alone seem to have any capacity for qualities really architectural. Yet such was my experience with regard to a house, not yet completed, which stands at the corner of Wardour Street and Shaftesbury Avenue. A pleasing decorative use of a black and a greenish grey stone; a certain value in the solids: and a certain refinement of the projections, which gives to the elevation a sense of breadth and flatness; are the distinctive qualities of this charming building. I have since learned that it is being erected for Messrs. Attenborough; and that the architect is Mr. Thomas Harris, of 6, Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square.

THE CENTURY GUILD.

IN accordance with the lines, which have been for some time past indicated in this magazine, Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne, architects, and the artists associated with them, are now prepared not only to design and superintend the erection of ecclesiastical and domestic buildings, but, also, to undertake decorating and furnishing of all kinds.

With this end in view, they have opened workshops for the production of furniture and metal-work; and their designs already executed include carpets, cretonnes, stamped and printed velvets, together with silk and woollen textiles, wall-papers, stained-glass and decorative painting.

While recognizing the cost, which, of necessity, accompanies decoration in its more sumptuous and elaborate forms, Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne are prepared to decorate and furnish houses in a simple, yet effective manner, which, while endeavouring to fulfil the more exacting canons of taste, will not be beyond the means of those, to whom expense is a matter of material concern.

THE ARCHITECTS :

Messrs. MACKMURDO & HORNE, 20, Fitzroy Street, W.

From whom all further particulars may be obtained.

IN drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

EMBROIDERY :

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, W.

MISS MAY MORRIS gives private lessons in embroidery, particulars on application, Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

ENGRAVED BOOKS AND FACSIMILES OF THE WORKS OF WM. BLAKE :

Mr. MUIR, The Blake Press, Edmonton.

To be had of Mr. QUARITCH, 15, Piccadilly, W.

FURNITURE AND DECORATION :

RHODA and AGNES GARRETT, 2, Gower St., W.C.

MR. J. ALDAM HEATON, 27, Charlotte St., Bedford Sq., W.C.

CARPETS, SILKS, VELVETS, CHINTZES, AND WALL PAPERS, EMBROIDERY, AND
PAINTED GLASS :

Messrs. MORRIS & COMPANY, 449, Oxford St., W.

DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING UPON WOOD :

Mr. W. H. HOOPER, 5, Hammersmith Terrace, W.

DESIGNING IN SILHOUETTE FOR DECORATIONS OF ALL KINDS, IN PAPER, METAL,
LEATHER, ETC. :

Mr. J. SMETHAM ALLEN, "Norwood," Hermitage Rd., Finsbury Park, N.

FLINT GLASS, CUT AND BLOWN, ALSO PAINTED GLASS :

Messrs. J. POWELL & SONS, Whitefriars Glass Works, Temple St., E.C.

PAINTED GLASS, AND PAINTING APPLIED TO ARCHITECTURE AND FURNITURE :

Mr. SELWYN IMAGE, 51, Rathbone Place, W.C.

PAINTED POTTERY AND TILES :

Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, 45, Great Marlborough St., Regent St., W.

PICTURE FRAMES DESIGNED BY THE GUILD :

Mr. MURCOTT, Framemaker, 6, Endell St., Long Acre, W.C.

PICTURE FRAMES :

CHARLES ROWLEY & CO., LTD., St. Ann's St., Manchester.

PRINTING :

THE CHISWICK PRESS, 21, Took's Court, Chancery Lane, E.C.

ALL KINDS OF WIND INSTRUMENTS :

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE & CO., 23, Berners St., W.

REPRODUCTIONS OF PICTURES :

Photographs of Pictures by D. G. Rossetti,

To be had of Mr. W. M. ROSSETTI, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.

Platinotype Photographs from the Works of G. F. Watts, R.A., E.

Burne-Jones, A.R.A., and others,

Mr. HOLLYER, 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington, W.

Processes for Reproduction of Pictures and Drawings as used in this
Magazine,

Messrs. WALKER & BOUTALL, 16, Clifford's Inn, Fleet St., E.C.

